
To his Excellency *Charles Montague* Esq; one of the Lord Justices for the Administration of publick Affairs during the *Kings* absence, first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

S I R,

THO' a Present of Fables to Your Excellency the inimitable Author of the COUNTRY MOUSE, and CITY-MOUSE, may at this time seem improper: Yet a Present of Loyalty to
A 2 the

The Epistle

the same Government, which You have been so Studious and successful in the preservation of, cannot but carry its Acceptance with it. That Liberty which Your Excellency gave the World so sweet a taste of in Your most incomparable Fable, and which afterwards You was so instrumental in continuing to us, is in part the Subject of these. And as Æsop at Tunbridge, by feign'd and surreptitious Fables, seems to bewail the change of the late Government, so Æsop at Epsom with real and genuine joy, ceth at the Establishment of this. Sir, Your Excellency's great Example has such a prevailing influence, as to make the meanest Subject solicitous for the Publick Good, and to see that Revolution become the subject of Satyr, which

Dedicatory.

which has giv'n such opportunities for Panegyrick, (and whose Royal Author has had such immortal Commendations from Your Excellency's the best of Pens) could not but add very much to my Resentments in the following Papers. But, Sir, to give no further interruption to a Gentleman whose very Leisure is employ'd for the publick Safety, I shall not encroach : pon Your time any further than to beg Your Acceptance of this poor Entertainment, which shall make me add to my Endeavours of approving my self in a more substantial way,

Sir,

Your Excellency's

most Obedient Servant.

A
A

Æ S O P

A T

Epsom.

F A B. I.

Of the **Fox**, and the **Stork**.

A Subtil Fox well practis'd in design,
Invites a Stork, that He with him will dine,
A match, says Stork, Sir Reynard it's agreed,
And home He goes, and much resolv'd to feed,

B

Nothing

Nothing will serve, but that *He's sure the Beast*
Will soon repent He'd brought Him for a Guest,
His Stomach was so empty, and so great,
Lounds ! He himself should finish all the treat.

Fox smiles, and in his *Cubs* the Dinner bring,
Soup, and Pottage, a Banquet for a King.
 Fall on, my guest, said Fox, and down he pour's
 The liquid Feast which He himself devours.

Dear Stork, He crys, 'Slife Child, why dost not Peck,
The Stork he Stretches, and extends his neck.

But nothing can get up within His Bill,
 Whilst Reynard licks it up, and Eats his fill ;
 At length perceiving how he had been serv'd,
 He homeward Stalks, or He must else have Starv'd,
 But Mindfull of the Fox his empty Treat,
 Sends to Invite Him to a dish of Meat.

The Fox not thinking Storks had had the sense
 To mind affronts, or take the least offence,

Took

Took him at's word, and said, Sir Stork content,
I'll see what House you keep, and Home wi'him went.
 The Table Spread, and every thing compleat,
 That might put Fox in mind He was to eat:
 Two servant Storks upon the Table plac'd
 A Narrow long-neck'd Glass which held the Feast;
 Lampreys and Eels within it might be seen,
 The Glass was so transparent and so clean,
 When Stork, *Sans ceremony, Sir, begin,*
You see your entertainment here within,
I'll shew the way; and in his Beak he thrust
 Whil'st Reynard try'd in vain, and trying curs'd.
 Lord, said the Stork, *are you a Beast of thought,*
And yet no Broth, or Soup, or Pottage brought?
I'd e'en fetch some, and fill the Vessel up,
You then, although You could not eat, might sup.

MORAL.

The Application soon is made
 By any that's a Reader,
 One in his turn the Fool has play'd,
 And whose turn's now consider :
 The *Tunbridge Æsop* first has given
 The Town a Dish of Meat,
 And faith, to make the Talli'es even,
Epsom should also treat.

F A B. II.

Of the Lamb and the Wolf.

A Wolf as He look'd out for prey,
 And went in search of food,
 Perceiv'd a Lamb and Goat in's way
 Come jogging on the Road.

Mutton

Mutton He lov'd, but did not dare

Fasten on that He Spy'd,

Whilst *Hircus* with his horns was there,

And thus to part them try'd.

Home from this beast, for shame, Sir Lamb,

It greives my very Soul,

To See You leave a Noble Dam,

And walk with Goat so foul.

A Goat ! fye on't, the very worst

Of all the Brutal Race ;

A Stinking Animal and curs'd,

The woods, and fields disgrace.

Heark you, said Lamb, I plainly know

Whom You Your tricks would put on,

And what You mean by gaping so,

Poor Wolf ! he wants some Mutton.

I thank you for th' Advice you lend,

And wonder not you shou'd

*Like me much better than my friend,
Since I am better Food.*

MORAL

So when the Wars broke out at first,
And France prepar'd for fighting,
Lord! how her Mighty Monarch curs'd
The Dutch and us uniting!
*Per Dieu, said he, the British Race
Of Heroes once the chief
Joyn with a Land so curs'd Base,
And ask of them relief!*
But had his aim successful been
And us from them remov'd,
We then the sad Effects had seen,
And Fables moral prov'd.

FAB.

F A B. III.

Of the Sun and the North-wind.

B Etwixt the Sun and Wind, arose
 A quarrel like to end in blows
 If both of 'm had not rather chose

A fitting Mediator :

It seems that this contention grew
 From which was Strongest of the two
 And down their VVagers strait they threw

Thus to decide the matter.

By chance a Traveller came by,
 And both with one united cry,
On Him let us our forces try

To finish the dispute :

He that the first a way could find
 To make him leave his Cloak behind

Should win ; *it's done, agreed, said Wind,*

Said Sun, content, I'll do't.

When Boreas summon'd every blast,

And at Him all his fury cast,

But flinging round his Cloak, he pass'd

And forwarded his journey :

Sol smiles, and gath'ring all his Rays,

Sure of the conquest and the Bays,

I'll make You quit your Cloak, he says,

Or else by God I'll burn ye.

Straight Passinger began to swea,

Enrag'd and troubled with the heat,

And in a most confounded Pett,

At last Hung off the Garment

Boreas, said Sol, See yonder Cloak,

The Wagers Won and Thou art broke,

And up in hast The Stakes He took,

And that was all the harm in't.

MORAL.

Thus blustering Kings like Boreas often fail ;
 Whilst others like the Conqu'ring Sun prevail :
 Numbers may fright, and dismal fancies raise,
 But what can Numbers in improper ways ?
 Whilst at Compeign Extended armies Shine,
 And France her infant Princes fight, and dine,
 Whilst Boufflers treats the Ladies with a Song,
 And Duke de Berry learns the Spanish Tongue,
 A Prince at Cell, who Seemingly appears
 Thoughtless of Arms since now releas'd from Wars :
 Amidst his Sports, shall fit Expedients find
 To cheat the dangers by their Arms design'd,
 And one poor Hunting Match perhaps may break
 The Measures which their fam'd Encampments take.

FAB.

F A B. IV.

Of the Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter in time of VVar
 VVas in the Battle taken ;

And Dead almost with very fear,

Try'd thus to save his Bacon.

Dear Sirs, if guiltless Actions save,

Or Innocence secures,

From you the grant of Life I crave,

Who ne'er endanger'd yours.

Nor Sword, nor Musquet have I born,

Or any other Weapon worn

Than what is in my hand :

This Trumpet never gave a wound,

Or utter'd any thing but empty sound,

And that too by command.

*Off with the Dog, and fetch the Rope,
Said Enemy, and tie Him up,*

A Villain ! never spare him.

*Lounds ! That same Instrument is worse
Than Sword, and Gun, and every Curse ;*

*And we've most cause to fear him,
Since from his blasts, those wounds at first proceed,
By which so many Thousands of us bleed.*

MORAL.

So crys an Author who has spent his spleen,

What harm can silly *Fables* mean ?

Or how can *Faction* takes its birth,

From a few Tales, and unprovoking Mirth ?

They may perhaps delight,

But rest assur'd they'll never fight,

The Beasts I treat of cannot plot

Or traffick in Sedition : what of that ?

When

VWhen if he rail'd like O---ts, like S--- fought,
 Curs'd like a Man at Sam's, like M--- thought,
 All join'd together ne'er was able
 To shew the malice of one single Fable,

F A B. V.

Of the Apple and the Horse-Turd.

AN Apple falling from a Tree
 Which near a River stood,
 With Horse-Turd in his Company
 Was sailing down the Flood.

When Turd ambitious to discourse

A thing so much above it,
 VVould into Conversation force
 As down the River drove it.

Lord! Madam, what a pleasant Stream

Is this in which we ride?

Sister!

Sister! How we two Apples swim?

The foul *Sirrev'rence* cry'd. ?

MORAL.

A Threadbare VVriter who per chance

Has not one Farthing paid,

To carry on the VVar with *France*,

Towards the Royal Aid.

Crys, Damn this curs'd confounded Peace,

It Forty Millions cost,

And *we* could not procure *our* Ease

Till All *our* VVwealth was lost.

FAB.

F A B. VI.

Of the Covetous, and the Envious Man.

TWO men to *Jove* their prayers made
 For some kind Earthly blessing,
 One never satisfy'd with what he had,
 Tho' rich beyond Expressing.
 Th' other was envious, nor car'd
 What mischief e're befell Him,
 So that His Comrade was not Spar'd,
 And what should kill Him, kill him :
Jove Teaz'd with their Petitions, sent
 His Son *Apollo* to 'em,
 To try to give 'em both content,
 And know what service He could do 'em.
Ask, said *Apollo*, friends what e're
 You want th'out further trouble,

And

*And what is ask'd from either's pray'r
 T' other Shall have it double.*

*With that, the parsimonious Cuff,
 For Wealth did loudly call,
 Which downward fell, but ne'r enough
 For his desires could fall.*

*Still as he ask'd, the Riches came,
 And doubled on the other,
 Tho' Still his prayer was the same
 Which Still enrich'd his Brother,*

*Next in his turn, Sir Envy kneel'd,
 And with a bale-ful Eye,*

*Dear Phœbus to my prayer yield
 And Hearken to my cry,*

*Now oh ! just now thou Pow'r divine
 This favour let me find,*

*Put out this single Eye of mine,
 That his may both be blind*

F A B. VII.

Of the Beaver, and the Hunters.

A Beaver being close pursu'd
 By Hunters, Horse, and Hounds;
 And neither safe, within the Wood
 Nor in the open Grounds
 ' I know full well (and step'd aside)
 ' The reasons why I'm chas'd, he cry'd,
 ' And much lament the Cause,
 ' My Stones are what they want, and I
 ' Must either part with them, or die
 ' And glut the Beagles jaws :
 With that, though he was loath to part
 With things as precious as his heart,
 Or with a quiet mind
 Surrender up the pride of all his kind,
 Yet life was sweet, and utt'ring forth some groans,
Off

Off went his dear beloved Stones,
 Which in the Hunters way
 The Melancholy beast did lay,
Call in the Hounds, the fierce pursuers said,
We've caught the game, and have our markets made ;
 And taking up the Prize they went
 All homeward with content.
 Whilst the Enervate beast return'd,
 To graze in quiet on the plain :
 And never after this misfortune mourn'd,
 Or fled from *Hunters* or from *Hounds* again.

MORAL.

If a certain great Prince, had but done as this Beast,
 And instead of each Stone gotten rid of each Priest,
 He had still bin a King, whom his People had bless'd.
 But since He had rather keep in with *Ned Petre*

C

And

And likes Fryers, and Monks for his company fitter :
 Let him *now* keep his *Stones*, for there's *none* but has

[better.

F A B. VIII.

The Lion and the Fox.

A Fox, a Lyons Chaplain, when
 The Beasts began to cry,
 And gather round their Monarchs Den

For Antient *Liberty*;

Said, *may it please my Sov'raign Lord,*

Your Subjects are your Slaves,

And if they dare to Speak a word,

Your Throat may be their Graves.

With that the Monarch Wisely smil'd

At good Sir Crapes advice,

And said, *go fetch your youngest child,*

My Stomach's something nice.

Sir,

Sir, said the Fox, *You'r in the wrong,*
I must your pardon crave,
Parsons alone to Jove belong,
And no Controulers have.

M O R A L.

So in late times the pulpits rung,
 With passive *non resistance*,
 And all the burthen of their song
 Was *Duty* and Assistance:
 Life, Wealth, and every thing was due
 To Him, who or'e us rul'd,
 And VVhilst that *Cant* they would pursue,
 VVe'd All of's E'en been fool'd,
 Had not their Churche's Lands been thought
 Belonging to the Throne:
 And made 'em change their former note,
 And what they, said disown.

F A B. IX.

Of Jupiter, and the Monkey.

JOVE was desirous once to know
 VVhat Animal did bear

The handsom'st *off-spring*, or could show

A little one most fair.

He summon'd every living thing

Unto a certain place,

To come before him, and to bring

A Pattern of it's Race.

Forthwith each female creature came,

VVhich Air, or Sea, or Earth,

Could for it's proper Tenant claim,

And each produc'd a Sample of it's *birth*.

When as the Pow'rful God was just

Deciding the dispute,

Up to the Throne a *Monkey* thrust,
A most deformed Brute!

And with her *Young one* in her hand
(VWhile All the company smil'd)

' Vouchsafe great Jove to understand

' Mine is the Finest *child* :

' Please you my Liege to view this face,

' How regular and sweet !

, How well proportion'd every grace !

' And how exact the features meet !

' Surely my Lord can ne're refuse

' My *Child* and *Me* the Bays.

VWhen Jove for laughing could not choose :

And all of 'em went their ways.

MORAL.

So young *Æsop* from *Bath*, or Old *Æsop* from *White-*

[*hall*,

May amuse *Town*, and *Country* with a fab'lous recital,

And in love with themselves think their own things

[*the best*,

Whilst the *Clergy*, they laugh at, escape the dull *Jest*:

And all the success of each Fable and story

Is to lay down their *own* faults like the *Monkey*

[*before ye*,

F A B. X.

Of the *Hares*, and the *Frogs*.

A Time was fix'd when *Hares* should meet,

And for *dispatch of Business* sit,

Without the least delays,

To

To remedy their present State,

Or else anticipate their Fate

By proper *means* and *ways*.

Strait every Pufs the *Form* forsook,

Which He or She for shelter took,

And hasten'd to the place

Which by appointment was design'd,

To heal the mischiefs of their *Kind*,

Or make extinct their *Race*.

The SPEAKER chose, and *Members* plac'd,

The House resolv'd it self at last

Into a grand Committee:

But what a pother, Lord! they kept?

One sigh'd, another trembling wept,

'Twould move us all to pity.

At length a *Chief* of high Renown,

And *Ranger* of some mighty *Down*,

First ask'd the House's leave:

And then stood up, whilst all the rest
With sorrows, and with grief oppress'd

Could nothing else but grieve.

‘ Brethren, *said he*, a wretched Race,

‘ Whom Men, and Dogs, and Eagles chase,

‘ The Sport of the Creation,

‘ In vain we’re thinking to redress

‘ Our Grievances, or make ’em less,

‘ While in this living Station.

‘ Hounds will for ever be pursuing,

‘ And Hunters meditating ruine,

‘ Whilst we must still be flying ;

‘ We’d better (Friends) if I might give

‘ Advice, this moment cease to live,

‘ Than always be a dying.

Tho’ *Death* is not a thing which suits

With constitutions of such *Brutes*

As

As *Hares* are of, 'tis certain :

Yet they resolv'd, with much ado,
To bid the *Groves*, and *Hills* adieu,

Tho' not 'thout tears at parting.

By chance there was a River near
The place, where these *Assemblers* were

Debating how to die,

Wherefore to put off all delays,

They fix'd in that to end their days

The sooner, 'cause so nigh:

But Lord ! how Pufs would backward shrink,

When almost at the very brink,

And sigh she was so near !

Then tell her *Beads*, and wish some *Saint*

Would help her from this damn'd restraint,

And ease her of her fear !

At last the leading *Hares* were come,

Prepar'd and ready for their Doom,

And at the Flood arriving,

A Frog or two into it skip'd,

Which made 'em look before they leap'd,

And think of longer living.

' Hark ye, (said Pufs who bore the sway)

' Fair and softly wins the Day,

' There's no such need to die yet,

' I'll Home again, and e'en submit

' To what my Destiny thinks fit,

' And keep my Form in quiet.

' Troth Sirs, the fate of *Frogs* is worse

' Than *ours*, which we at present curse,

' And are so much afraid at :

' For we who fear most things beside

' Are fear'd by them, and that's my Pride

' Since these are us dismay'd at.

' Sirs,

‘ Sirs, it would be a pretty Jest

‘ If since our life is not the best

‘ It should be made our loathing.

‘ Faith, tho’ I cannot be the *Chief,*

‘ I have this comfort and relief,

‘ I’m *better far than nothing.*

MORAL

MORAL.

Hence let the Male-contented mind

Instructive Lessons draw ;

Nor be uneasy, when confin'd

Within the bounds of Law.

What tho' his Purse is something drain'd,

For Peace he ne'er desir'd,

And has in part that Prince maintain'd

Who might have all requir'd ?

A Neighb'ring King's *best* Subjects paid

Thrice more than *William's* worst,

And

And without Mony Laws obey'd,

When His with *Mony* curs'd.

If therefore He like *Hare* should grieve

Since small respect we show Him,

Like *Hare* in Fable let Him live,

Since He has *Frogs* below Him:

F I N I S.

W. Aglionby

THE
PRESENT STATE
OF THE
United Provinces
OF THE
LOW-COUNTRIES;
AS TO THE
Government, Laws, Forces, Rich-
es, Manners, Customs, Reve-
nue, and Territory,
OF THE
D U T C H.
IN THREE BOOKS:

*Collected by W. A. Fellow of the Royal
Society.*

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